THE MYSTERIES OF MYRA

Written by Hereward Carrington.

CHAPTER LXII. Spiritualistic Phenomena. PAYSON ALDEN has discov-

ered, to his great joy, a woman requirements for an ideal "sencitive medium." For years he had sought vainly for such an one. Hun-dreds had applied to him, with varying claims, but most of them had been fraudulent, and his keen perceptions had shattered their trickeries. The

which was placed the slate began to till, as though lifted by invisible fingers, however, was unique. And he was reveling, in his professional way, in the cerie phenomena which she had already showh him.

She sat in a comfortable chair, with the lights turned low, red tissue paper shades covering them to make the room were drawn, and the physician prepared to put her to the most severe test of all.

"I am getting tired," she said plaintively, as she crossed her arms nervously. "I will not be receptive very much ionger. So you had best hurry."

"I do not wish to be unreasonable, Mrs. Palmer," gently answered the physician, "But if you knew what vital matters I am eager to investigate you would understand my insistence. Life and death are concerned in a very tragic case which I have been investigating. I feel that those in this life may he helped by their loved ones beyond the grave, if you can throw yourself into a real spiritualistic trance. We shall not be interrupted, as I have given my servants strict orders to—But, even as he spoke, the telephone."

But, even as he spoke, the telephone.

yond the grave, if you can throw yourself into a real spiritualistic trance. We shall not be interrupted, as I have given my servants strict orders to... But, even as he epoke, the telephone langled, and he impatiently walked toward the instrument. Gnoc before he had ignored the slivery, summons, with the result that Myra had nearly lost fer life through the string three seemed as few through the string three seemed as pleading argument at the other end of the wire. Alden and he guests turned their shook his head as he responded in the negative.

Finally, he relented.

There seemed a pleading argument at the other end of the wire. Alden and he guests turned their string three were shocks on the string three were knocks on the strong through the string three through the string three strong to the string three strong to the string three strong to the string three strong three string three strong three string three strong three

Dan obeyed instructions, and the scales, with their balancing platform large enough to hold a chair, were set according to his (the physician's) instruction. A large net was then placed around the chair, and the medium stepped upon the scales, and Alden raised the net, completely encircing her in its firm meshes. He fastened the top of the net to the support above.

y all these curious preparations?" "Because this is the only way in which which to absolutely make certain that there is no legerdermain or trick manipulation in a seance. The scales will indicate any departure of the medium from them, or any added weight in case she should use apparatus to help her in the manifestations. And the net precludes any use of her hands or feet about the room, explained the physical weight.

feet about the room," explained the physician. These are the scientific precautions which have betrayed hundreds of pretended mediums."

He hurried to the other side of the laboratory, and carried a small table to the side of the room near, but beyond arm-reach of the medium.

Upon this he placed a common school state, within whose folded sides he had placed a state pencil. He tied the sides of the state firmly and scaled it, before being satisfied. Then from a cabinet he brought forth a tambourine and a mandolin. These he placed on the large table, fully twelve feet away from Mrs. Palmer's temporary platform on the scales.

As he looked about with satisfaction, another timid knock came from the

doorway.
"Confound it! I must not be dis-turbed again," he muttered, angrily.
"There will be a new maid in this house He strode impatiently to the door, unbolted it, and was startled to see the suave smile of Arthur Varney. "I just took the liberty to come right up stairs," explained the intruder. blandly, "I told your maid it would be all right. I called to take, Myra motoring, and butler told me she had come

over here to see a spook performance. I never believed in them, and so I knew

I never believed in them, and so I knew you wouldn't mind letting me have a reserved seat, as well."

Alden raged inwardly.

There was a certain shiftiness which he detected in Varney's shrewd eyes which belied the surface calm. But, after many hours of study of the man. Alden determined now to put him to the test. Perhaps, he thought, here was a blessing in disguise. a blessing in disguise.
Without more ado, he instructed Dan
to bring snother chair, and with formal
courtesy he waved Varney to a seat.
Then he turned to Mrs. Palmer ex-

"Are you ready now?" he inquired, as he drew down the curtains of the

"Yes, but with so many people in the room, I must have absolute darkness,"

"Dat guy ain't after no good for de guvnor." he muttered. "Td enjoy croakin' him myself." which remark evidenced an understanding of human nature much more correct than his grammar.

CHAPTER LXIII.

The Birth of a Frankenstein.

THIN the somber shades of Black Order council rooms unusual ceremonies were being conducted by the high master and a picked group of his satellites.

It was seldom that the evil pontiff mingled with his underlings, but great plans were now afoot. "This is the supreme effort of our order," he told the assembled brethren. 'All your wills and wicked souls must be concentrated upon our task, for to-

day we ascend to the supreme step of oc-Fourteen of the members, wearing their flowing black gowns, and the various hoods, from which dangled the tri

angular discs over the crime-seamed forcheads, now waited his every command with rapt attention. Their numbers had been sadly deci-

mated of late by the intrepld campaigning of Alden. Realizing the need for ab solute secreey and trust, the master had forbidden the initiation of new members to avoid a repetition of the "spying" work of Haji, Alden's ill-fated Hindu

And so it was that they realized that their fates hung upon the toil of this momentous hour. Never before had their obedience been so implicit, their wills so subjugated to the aupremity of the criminal genius who presided And never before had the High Master himself regized that in the handsome and debonair man of science had ne found a supreme antagonist "worthy of

found a supreme antagonist "worthy of his steel!"

The medium was now writhing in a spasm of agony.

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The shade walked forth from the canopy and dimly glowing as though composed of some phosphorescent material it became more visible to them.

At a signal, and an incantation from was the delty of the Devil Worshipers.

It was Myra Maynard's father!

Mra. Maynard gave a low groan, and toppied of forward, her face pressing in shipe to them murderous creature. A quick hug, and another victim had paid the penalty!

The medium was now writhing in a supernatural instinct, the thought monster raced, to the small chamber became the revolving platform. Without warning it was suddenly serked downward by the inhuman strength of some phosphorescent material it became more visible to them.

It was Myra Maynard's father!

Mra. Maynard gave a low groan, and toppied of forward, her face pressing against Myra's arm, which trembled as in an aguinst Myra's arm, which trembled as in an ague while she endeavored to support the sobbing woman.

"Myra, I am your father's spirit!"

in semblance of the horned one who

squatted on the floor, tossing his head from side to side like an imprisoned beast of the jungle.

Varney, his excitement momentarily calmed, now turned to a fellow in the order to ask about the curious beast. And, as a whispered explanation followed, the High Master's face writhed into a leer of triumphant confidence. "It is well. We must hypotlize the thought monster and let him materialize at the seance. Then he shall destroy Myra and Alden. We have victory in our hands at last. There is no checkmate now!" he exclaimed.

He called to the monster, who looked up into the commanding stare of the fixed black eyes. The Master's hands described curious circles in the air, as he began the task of throwing the great beast into a cataleptic state. It was more difficult than he had supposed, for the monster was so supreme in evil, so lacking in intellect, that his fask was slower than it would have been with a human being!

On the floor lay two shields, made of mirrors, strangely wrought. One of these he lifted, and adjusted over his left arm. Then he raised a large black tube, in one end of which was adjusted as lens. He pressed a button and a great ray of green fight shot forth.

Varney picked up the mate of the bulb light and looked into the lens curiously.

"Be careful, Varney! The rays of that light are fatal to mortal and spirit! It is the deadly luminosity of science. Do not point it at me or at yourself. The monster will soon return from its mission, and we must destroy it. Put on your coat, as I have done, take the mirrorshields, and go in the outer reom, When the monster returns call to me and come in here. Then we will kill it and we are victorious in our long task!"

The Master chuckled, hopefully, But Varney was not so certain, as he awk-

CHAPTER LXIV. The Father Returns.

N the quite of the laboratory. Alden and his guests had recovered their polse, after the disturbing exit Varney. The physician refrained from expresing the conslusion at which he had finally arrived. Had it not been for his belief that some supreme result was to come from this surprising seance, he would have followed the other man, and notified the police. For at last his suspicions had been justified. Lwill get him later, for he will come a trap again!" he told himself. And so he addressed himself to the medium. Who was still in the strange icy stupor of the transported sensitive

Alden knew that despite her catalepsy, shre was subjected to externals, to a certifin extent. He feared that the inpleasant diversion might have broken the flow of her connection with the Unseen Universe. Yet he persevered. Now, he spoke to

her gently.
"Please bring back a message from
Myra's father," he begged, his lips close

Myra's father," he begged, his lips close to her ear.

There was no reply but suddenly the curtains of the protected cabinet swayed, and a cool wind blew them out toward him. Myra and Mrs. Maynard gripped each other's hands nervously. Then, without warning, the curtains parted and a figure appeared, visible to them all!

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and we are victorious in our long task!"
The Master chuckled, hopefully, But
Varney was not so certain, as he awkwardly adjusted the uncouth and gitttering garment. He retired to the outer
council chamber, to await the great
combat, with fear tearing at his evil
heart.

Alden's plan had worked'
The thought monster, its eyes caught by the bewildering facets of light which shot from the revolving mirrors of the illuminated wheel, paused before it in dumb amazement. Gradually the hypnotic power of the scientific machine asserted itself, and the monster became rigid. The physician ran forward, not a moment to lose. A few swift passes of his hands, and he knew that he had conquered the beast of evil.

"Go back and destroy the evil men who made you!" commanded the physician. The monster, dazed and still semi-rigid, obeyed, walking back through the shattered door. Down the steps at the physician's guidance it went, and then drawn on by the strange power of hypnosis it sped down the street, across the intervening stretch of the country, unheeding the strange terror of people who beheld it and shrank away.

Through the devious paths, to the

Through the devious paths, to the deep woods of the suburian stretch of uncultivated woodland under which the aubterranean chambers of the Black Order were built, the monster went, Order were built, the monster went.
At it approached the culvert, through which the members made their first entrance to the council chamber, it spied a member of the Order climbing out.
A grunch of bones and an agonized scream and the member had gone to his eternal punishment!
Through the dark passage, led by its supernatural instinct, the thought monster raced, to the small chamber bebeneath the revolving platform. Without warning it was suddenly jerked downward by the inhuman strength of the great brute. The member on guard above it fell fairly into the arms of the murderous creature. A quick hug, and

Third Episode Today, Georgi Theater, 3422 Ga. Ave. N. W.—Advi.



ies. her face covered after the manner of Turkish women, timidly entered the room.

The woman caught up a pointard from its scabbard where it was hung upon the wall, as a decoration. She stealthily approached the recumbent Master, a look of hatred flashing from the black eyes. He looked up, as she neared him, his gaze resting upon her strangely.

"I am dying, I who have wronged you. Forgive me before I go to my punishment," and there was a faint smile on his drawn face. The woman dropped the dagger and knelt before him as the members looked on in surprise. The Master turned toward them now.

"I make this woman heir to all my power," he said weakly. "To hear her is to obey! Now each of you shall avenge my death, or die in the attempt. Farewell:"

As the men knelt before him, returning the thumb symbol of the order, he struggled to rise. His limbs stiffened, there was a hollow attle in his throat, and he stiffened out in death, as his body sank to the floor!

In Alden's laboratory, Mrs. Maynard

body sank to the floor:

In Alden's laboratory, Mrs. Maynard had been restored to consciousness, and the doctor was calming her nerves with a little medicine. The place was a wreck, but there was a triumphant smile on the physician's face.

He walked to Myrs. who was trying to bring herself to command of her own excited feelings by gazing out of the window at the doctor's sarden.

"It's all over now, I am sure," he said. "But, stop—I have an idea!" He picked up a crystal ball from a shelf which had not ben demolished by the monster. "Look here, and see if you can set a vision of news to us."

Myrs concentrated upon the sparkling globe, and suddenly cried out, in alarm: alarm:
"It is the Master face! The eyes are closed—the cheeks sunk—he seems dead."

closed—the cheeks sunk—he seems dead?"
Alden nodded.
"If the Master is dead there is nothing more to fear—nothing more to fear!" he said softly.
But Myra saw a new face in the mirror depths of the crystal. It was that of a woman, with Oriental swathings about her face and the thumbs upturned from clenched flats on either side of her head.
"Oh!" she screamed, but Alden heeded her not. He put his strong arms about her shoulder and drew the sweet face upward to his own.
"Myra, little Myra! Do you see anything in the crystal of my eyes," he asked softly.
She looked at him for a wonde and then dropped the burning glance, as the golden curls were pressed against his broad shoulders.
"I only see," she murmured, "I only see the reflection of what is in my own eyes."
"And what is that?"

"And what is that?"
"My love for you, dear. My love for

THE END. See this episode today at Hippedrome, 9th and N. Y. Ave,-Advt.

British Reply Limits Boycott, But Ignores Question of

LONDON, July 30.—Among the names in the casualty list resulting from the "big push" by the British on the western front appear two of King George's footmen, who at the outbreak of the war joined the colors with a number of others at Buckingham Palace.

Sergeant Kennedy and Sergeant Church are reported as "killed in action." Both quickly became efficient in their military duties and were soon promoted to the rank of sergeant. A large number of the King's servants from his Sandringham estate were killed in ac-Sandringham estate were killed in ac-

Worked for Chicago Since 1852—Gets First Pension

CHICAGO, July 30.—John Agnew, eighty-five years old, who until July 1 this year had been a city employe since 1852, received yesterday a check which was the first payment by the municipal pension board under the pension act passed five years ago.

The presentation was made by Mayor Thompson. Mr. Agnew's sixty-four years of municipal service began with membership in the volunteer fire department.



STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY STIELOW GIVEN STAY UNTIL NEXT MONTH

District Attorney Ordered to Show Cause Why He Should Be Executed.

NEW YORK, July 30.-Three times made ready for death in Sing Sing's electric chair, Charles Stielow, convicted of murdering a farmer and his ousekeeper in Orleans county, has been given at least three more weeks

Supreme Court Justice Guy ordered the district attorney of Orleans county o show cause on August 23 why Stielow should be electrocuted.

The long stay of execution came after

should be electrocuted.

The long stay of execution came after nearly two days and a night of cease-less effort by five men and one woman to seve the man who Friday night klassed his wife and three kiddles good-by for all time.

Those responsible for Justice Guy's ruling are Misha Applebaum, head of the Humanitarian League; James W. Osborne, former assistant district at torney here; David White, of Medina; Stewart M. Kohn, attorney for the Mutual Welfare League; Henry W. Merchant, Warden Osborne's attorney, and Ineg Milholland Boissevain.

The five based their day and night arguments to Justice Guy on the ground that Stielow's so-called confession contained a hundred or more words that he had never heard and that the stolid, heavy-jowled German, even if guilty, should not be killed, since his mentality is that of a mere stripling youth.

The fight to save "Big" Stielow's life has been one of the most dramatic in Sing Sing's death house history. After the first two stays he was scheduled to die "some time during the week beginning July 24."

Such an edict generally sends a deathcell occupant off through "the little green door" to the next world about daylight Monday morning. But, it being optional with prison officials, whether a man dies Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, and everyone in Sing Sing being convinced of Stielow's innocence, his "taking off" was postponed until 8 yesterday morning.

Dry-eyed, he told his wife and three babies good-by about midnight Friday, and the little woman went "outside" to await the husband's body.

Less than two hours before the time set for the electrocution Justice Guy called it off.

EXPERT SAYS CANAL MAY BE DOOMED

"If Cut Is On Gigantic Bog, Nothing Can Be Done."

LONDON, July 10-Col. Norton Griffiths, M. P., a widely known engineer, says in a Weekly Dispatch interview regarding the Pansma Canal: "We await further developments with

"We await further developments with sympathetic interest before accepting ominous reports that the present canalis doomed.
"If the subsoil underlying Gaillard Cut is a gigantic bog, as some alarmist statements assert, then this particular route seems hopeless. No dredging in the works would relieve the situation for always, as now, there will be more earth to remove, and it will be a case of dredging forever with no positive result. "Until we know whether are not the reports are true, it would be premature to pass judgment."

You Can't Have Both For Long

Look at your coat collar. If it shows evidence of dandruff you can take it as a sure sign of coming baldness unless you take steps

When the hair threatens to leave you can't afford to take any chances. Go to O'Donnell's Drug Store, 904 F Street, and ask for a 50c bottle of Speiser's Scalp Tonic. Use it according to directions, and in a reasonable time dandruff, falling hair, and irritations of the scalp and skin will disappear and the growth of the hair will be promoted. Mr. O'Donnell is so certain of the merits of Speiser's Scalp Tonic that he'll gladly refund your money if it fails.

Avoid preparations containing alkalis (the presence of alkali is made known by the foaming of the liquid) or cocoanut oil. Be on the safe side—use Speiser's Scalp Tonic only.-Advt.



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LOANS Relec.Va. (south end of Highway Bridge). Free automobile from 9th and D sts. nw.